

MODERN COMICS

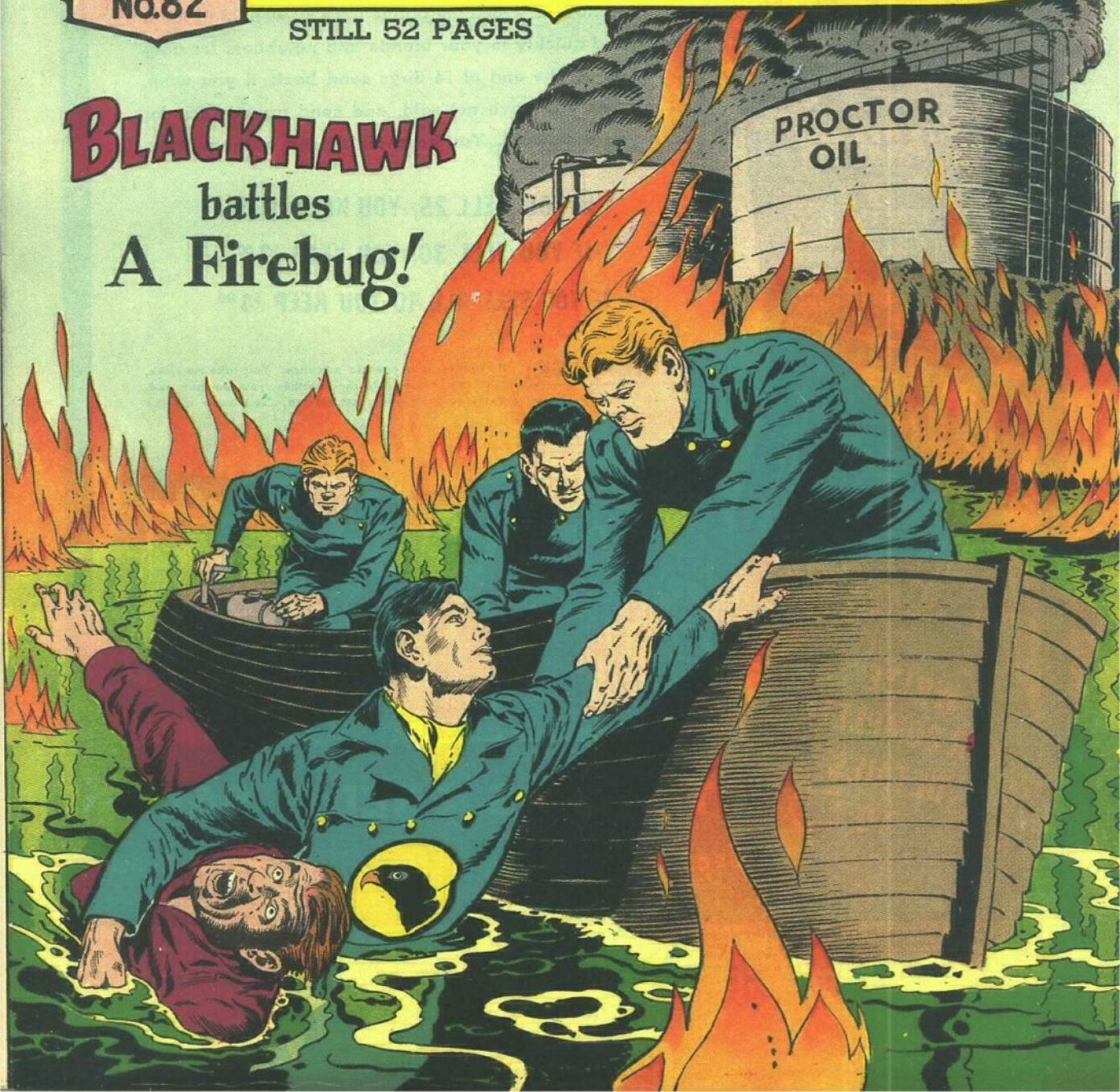
QUALITY
COMICS
I.C.D.
2

FEBRUARY
No.82

STILL 52 PAGES

10¢

BLACKHAWK
battles
A Firebug!





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MODERN COMICS

BLACKHAWK



FIRE! At once a blessing and a curse!

Except for the Blackhawks, a clever plot to turn man's greatest blessing into a weapon of crime might have succeeded!

But Mr. Moloch, who knew so much about fire, knew too little about the Blackhawks... and thus failed to reckon with the greatest of all crime-battling teams!

A blistering day in El Caffar, one of the great oil centers of the world...

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE DONE SO MUCH TO MAKE THIS ENTERPRISE SAFE, I WANTED TO THANK YOU IN PERSON, BLACKHAWK!

NO THANKS NEEDED, MR. PROCTOR! NOW THAT OUR BUSINESS IN EL CAFFAR IS FINISHED, WE'LL HEAD BACK TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND!



IT'S GREAT TO THINK THAT OIL IS NOW BEING PUMPED FROM ALL OVER THE NEAR EAST FOR STORAGE AT EL CAFFAR!

IF YOU EVER NEED US AGAIN, WE'LL BE AVAILABLE, MR. PROCTOR!



As Blackhawk leaves, a pair of strange-looking visitors arrive...

SO LONG, BLACKHAWK!

UNLESS MY EYES DECEIVE ME, THAT IS THE CELEBRATED BLACKHAWK! NOW THAT HE'S GONE WE CAN TRANSACT OUR BUSINESS!



PERHAPS YOU CAN SPARE ME A FEW MINUTES, MR. PROCTOR... ON A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER!

I CAN, IF IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT... COME IN OUT OF THE HEAT!



THE HEAT NEVER BOTHERS ME, MR. PROCTOR... EVEN WHEN I WEAR THIS OUTFIT! BUT LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS AND TALK ABOUT INSURANCE!

SO YOU'RE AN INSURANCE SALESMAN! SORRY, BUT WE'VE GOT ALL THE INSURANCE WE NEED!

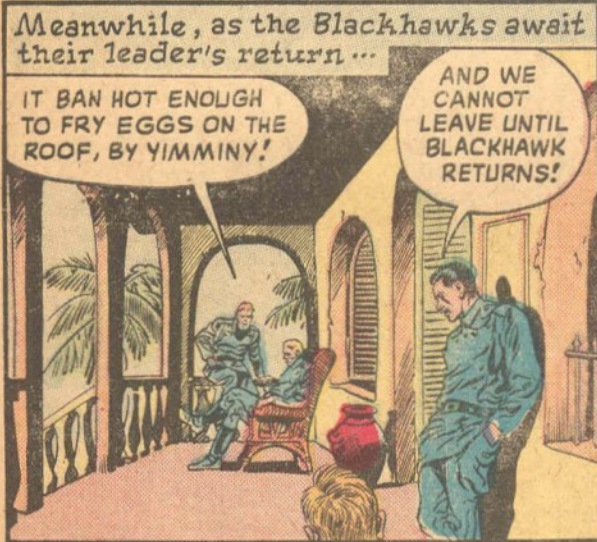


EXCEPT FIRE INSURANCE! WITHOUT MY SPECIAL POLICY, I GUARANTEE EL CAFFAR WILL GO UP IN SMOKE!

I BEGIN TO CATCH YOUR DRIFT... AND I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ONE MINUTE TO LEAVE THESE PREMISES!



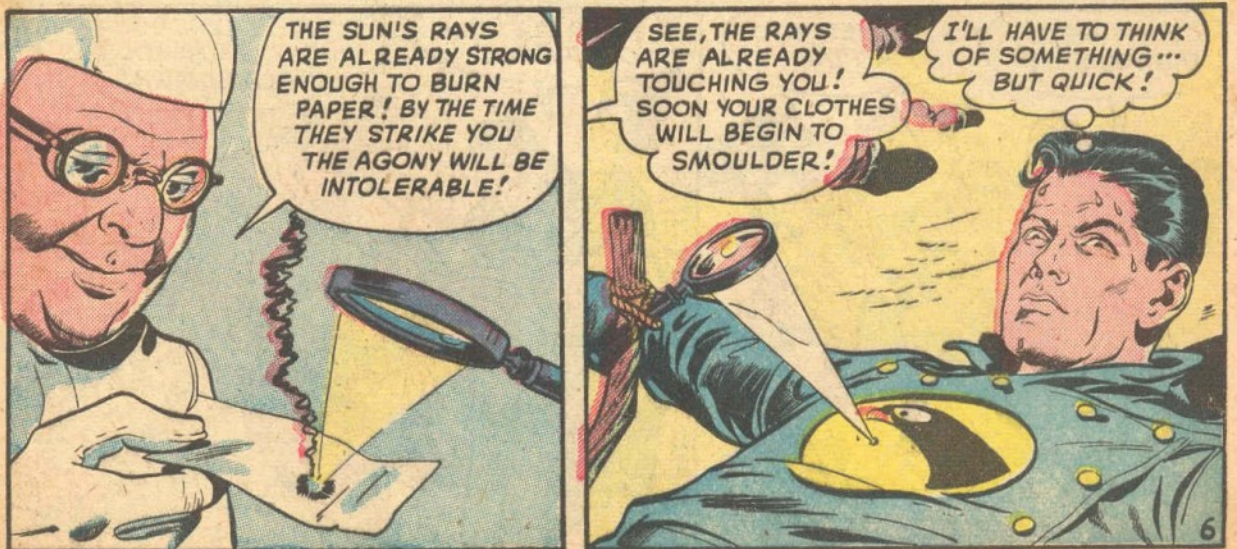
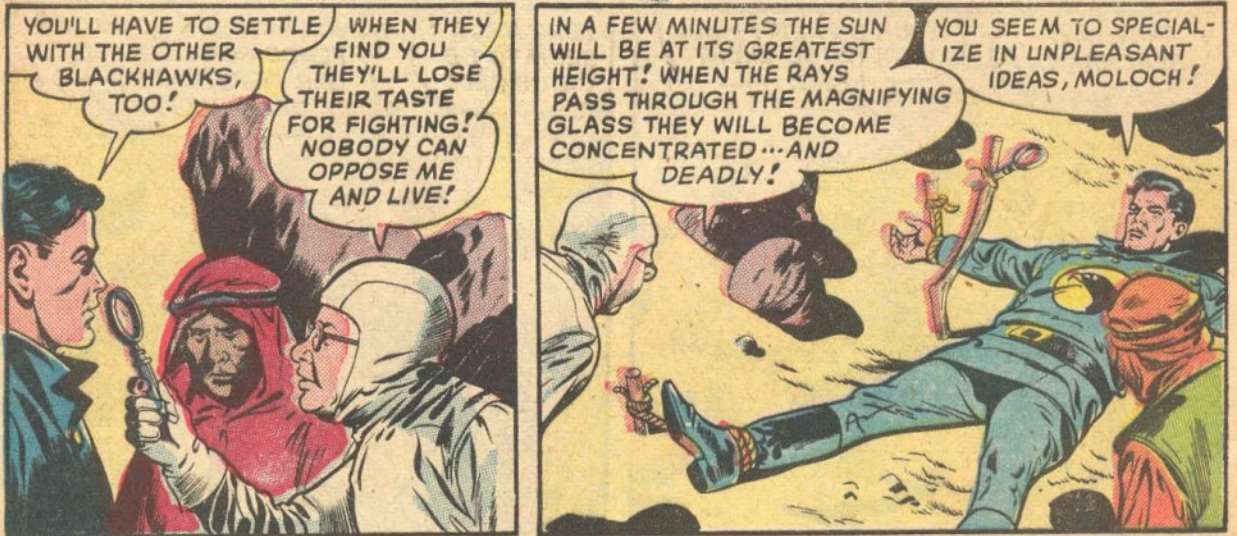
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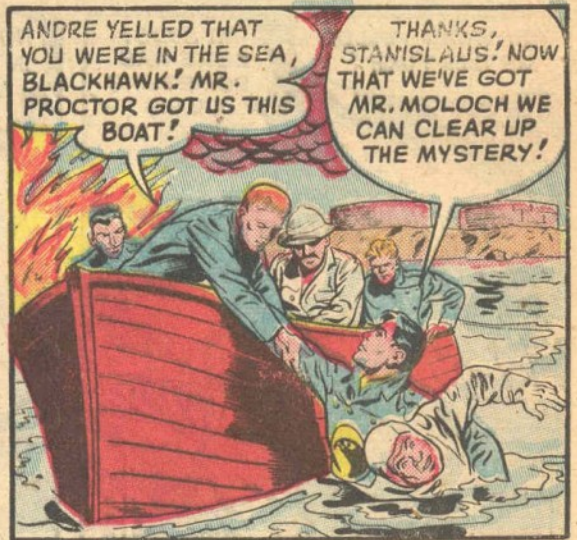
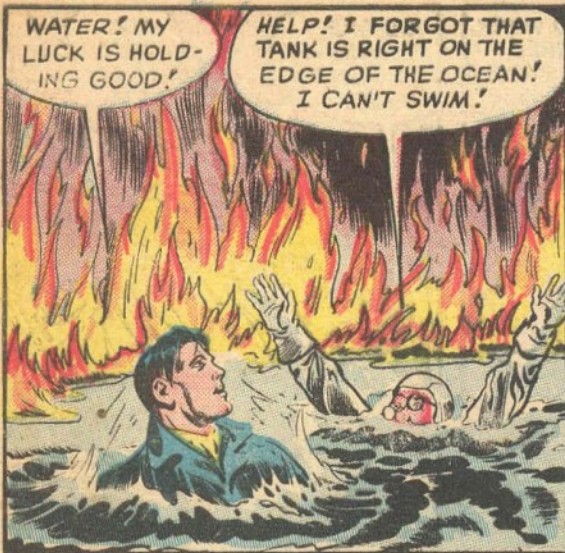
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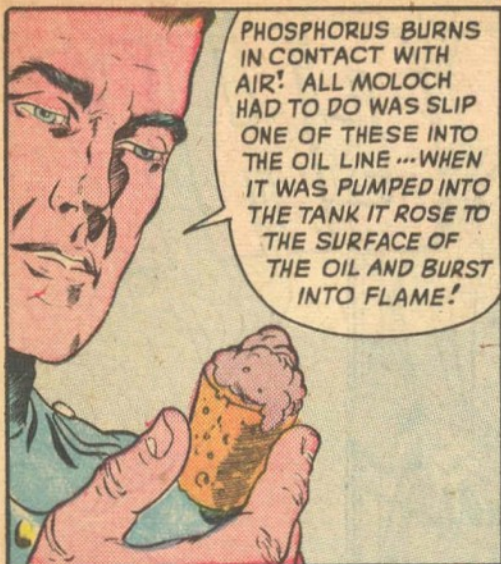




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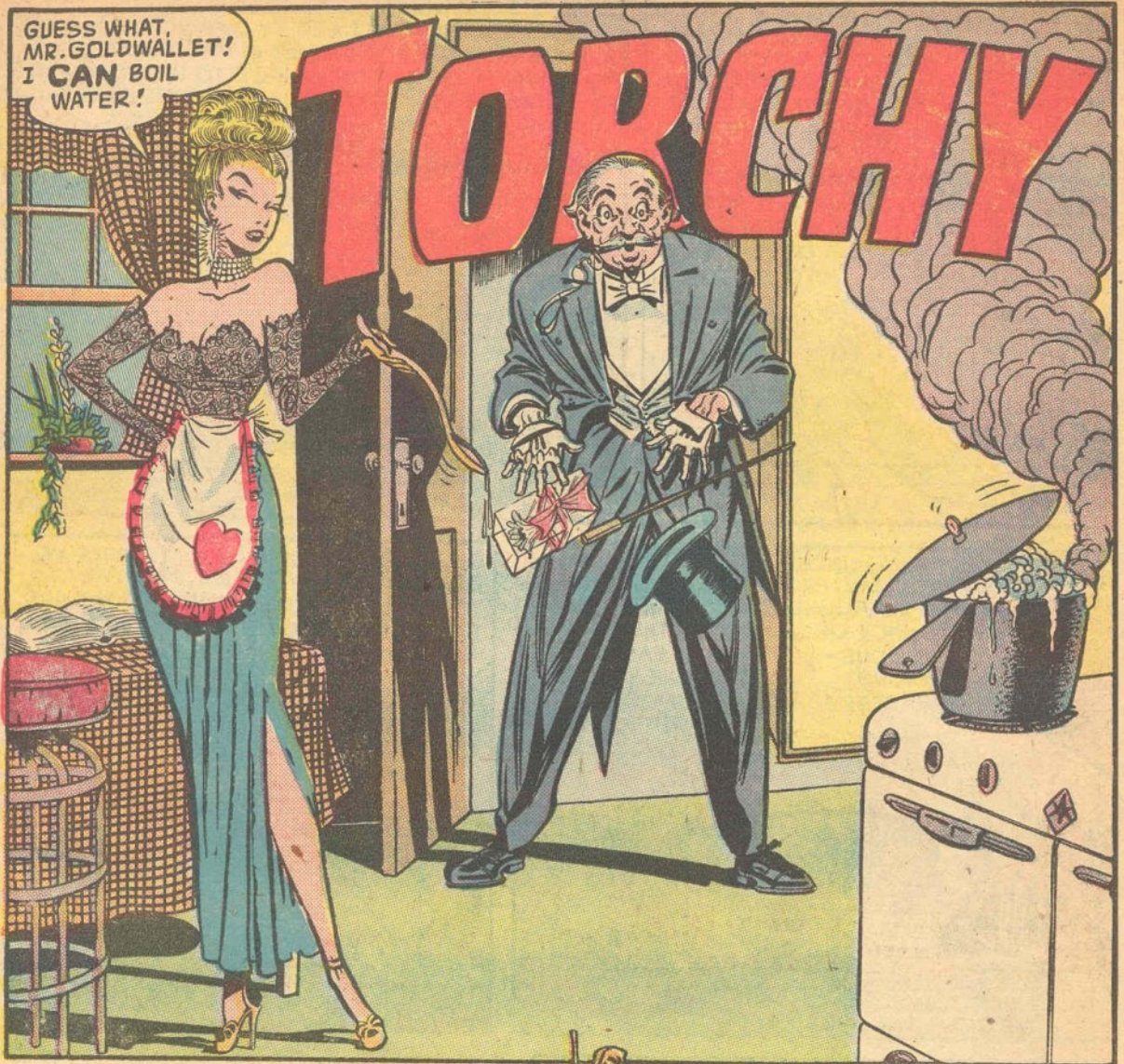






GUESS WHAT,
MR. GOLDWALLET!
I CAN BOIL
WATER!

TORCHY

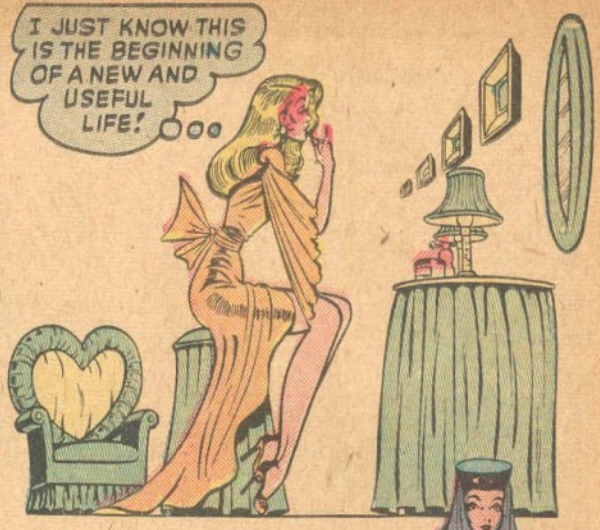
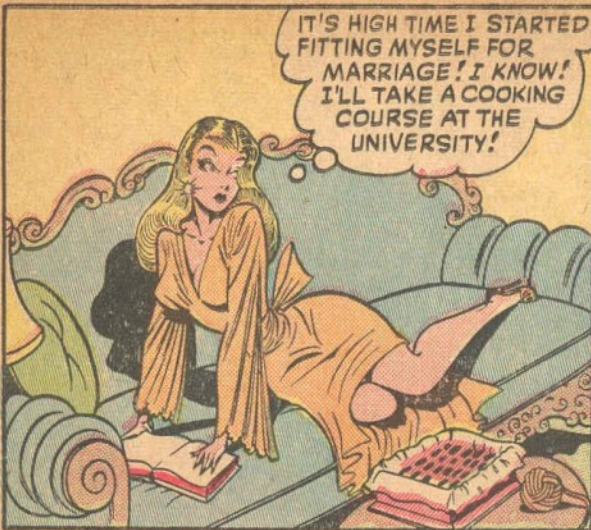


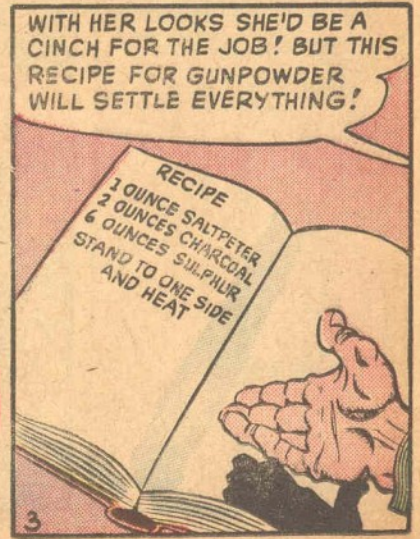
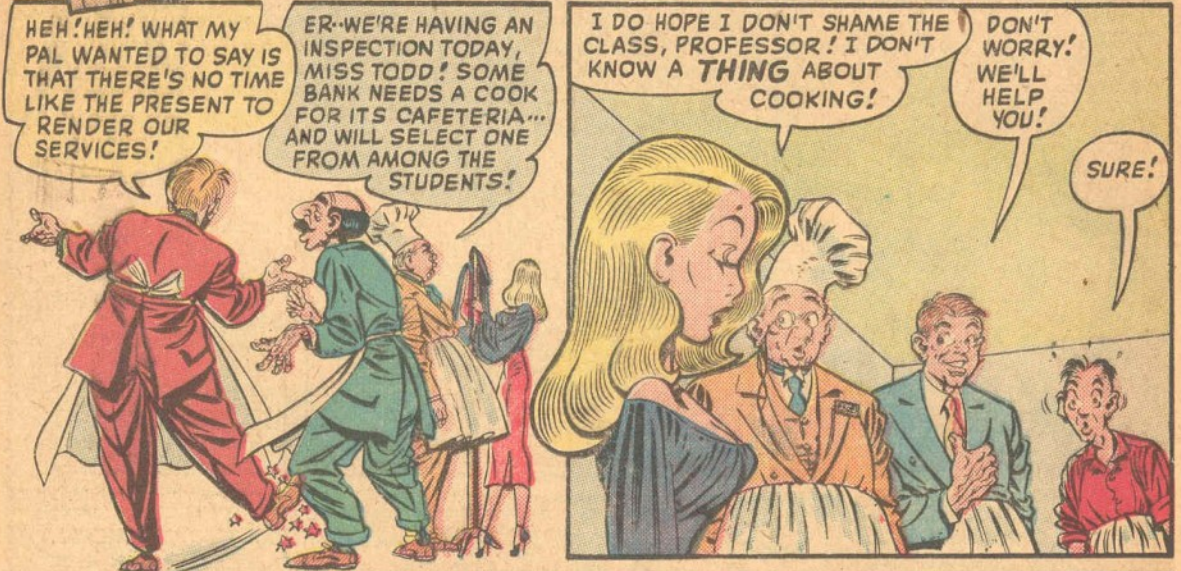
"... AFTER CHURNING
BUTTER, BAKING BREAD
AND PLOWING THE
FIELD, HEPTZIBAH
BEGAN EAGERLY..."

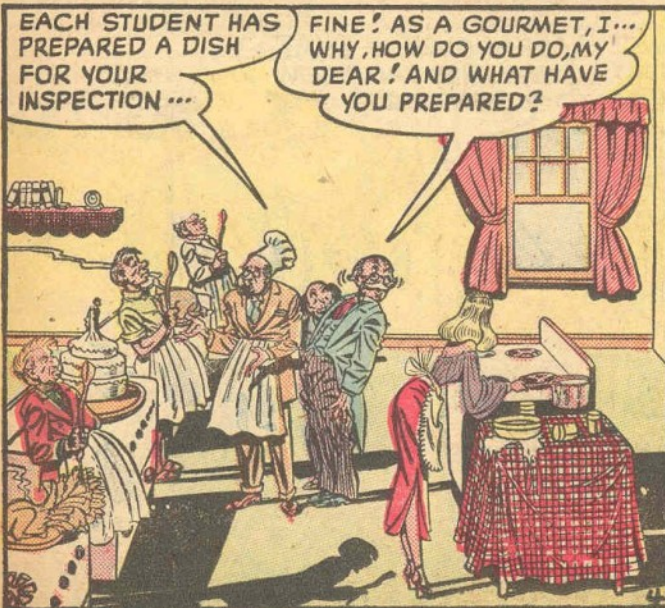
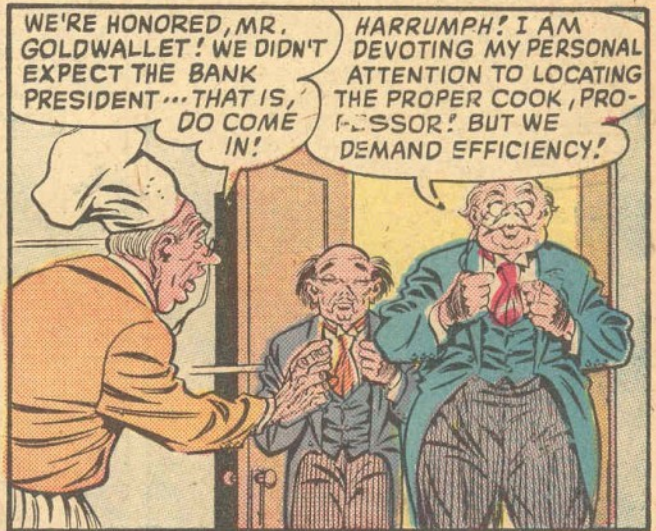
"...TO PREPARE BREAK-
FAST FOR HER BELOVED
HUSBAND!"

WHAT A PERFECT
WIFE! I WISH I HAD
SOMETHING TO OFFER
A HUSBAND! BUT I CAN'T
EVEN COOK!







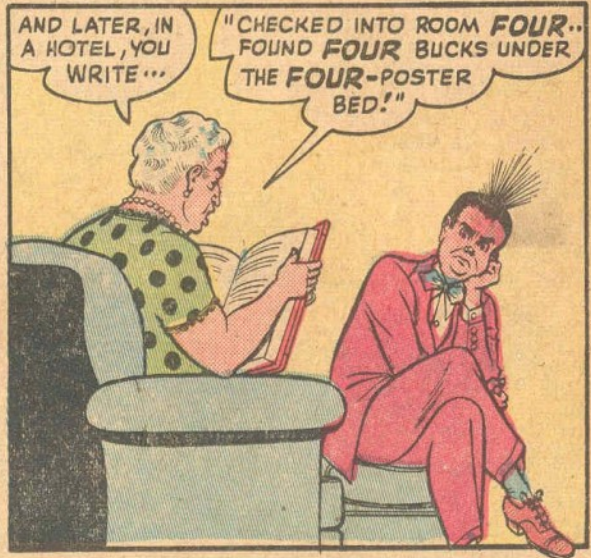
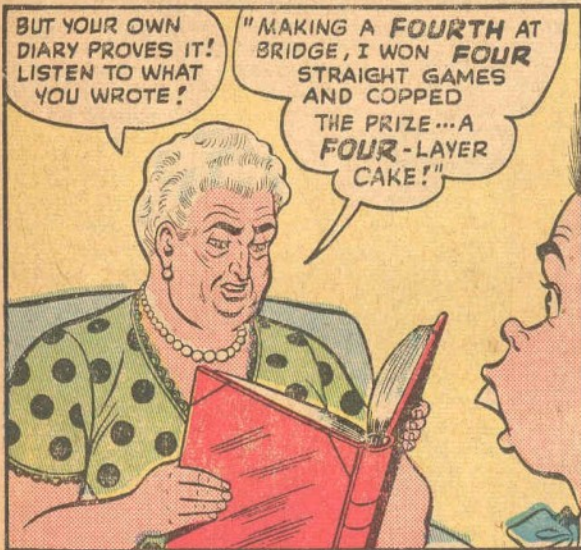


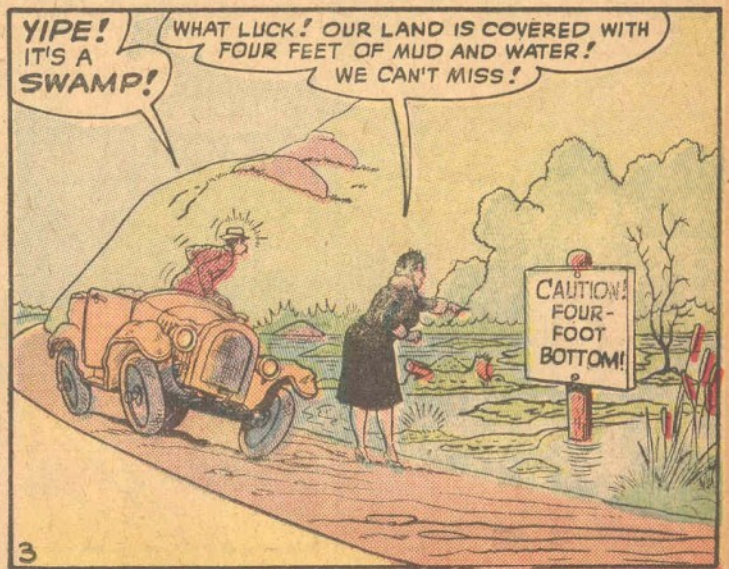
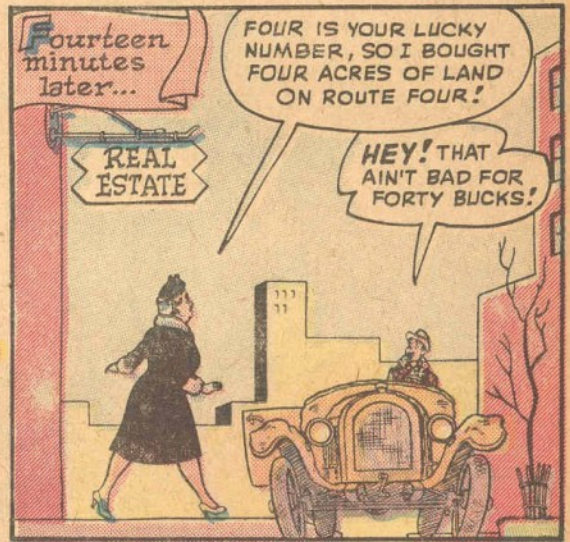
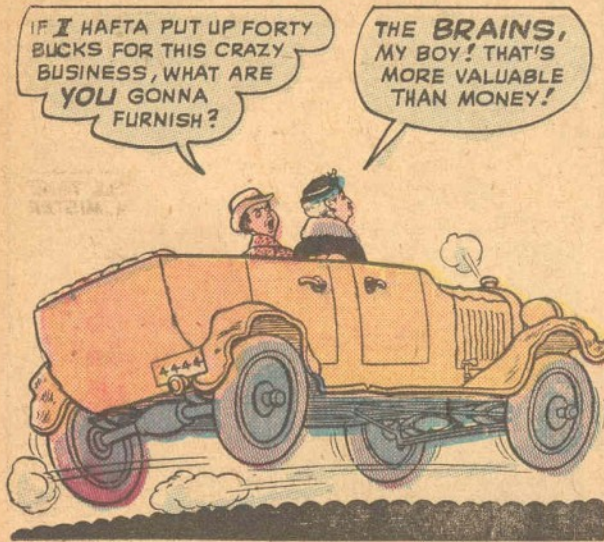


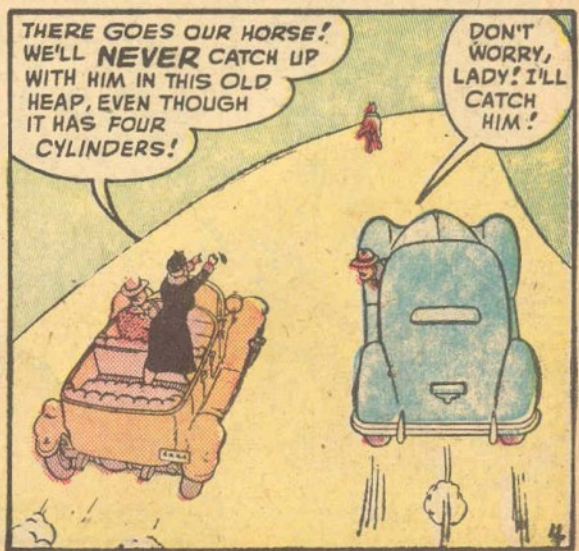
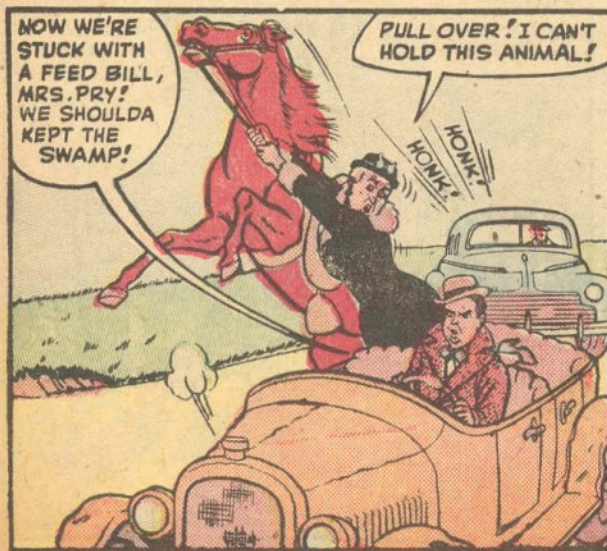
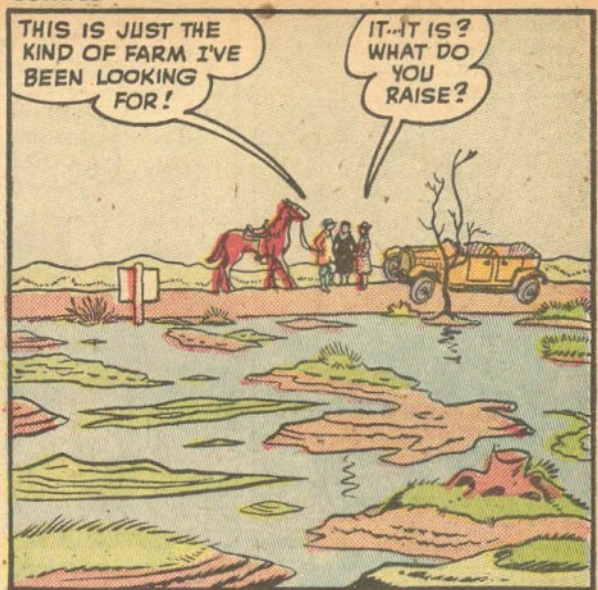


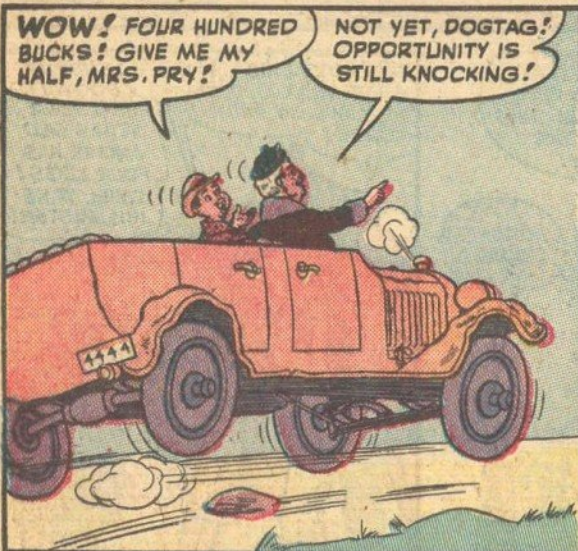
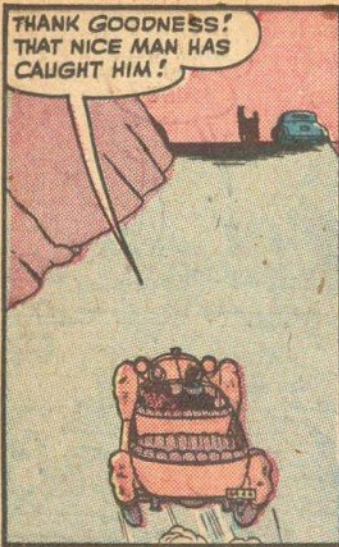
DOGTAG

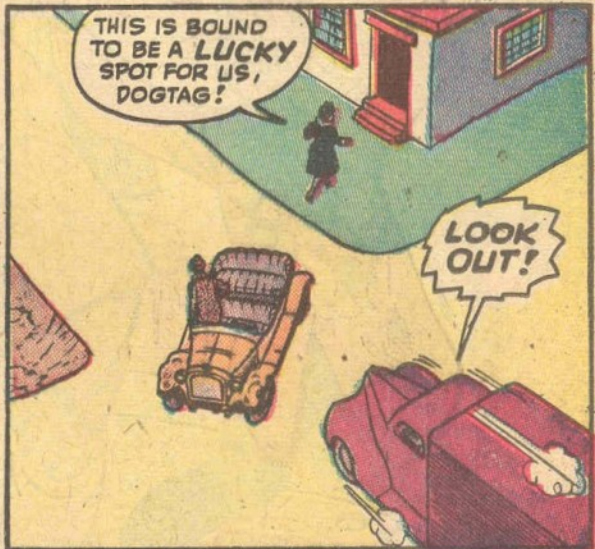
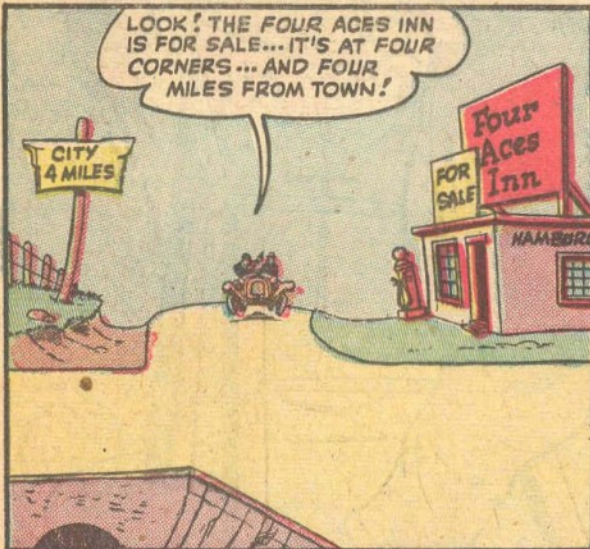
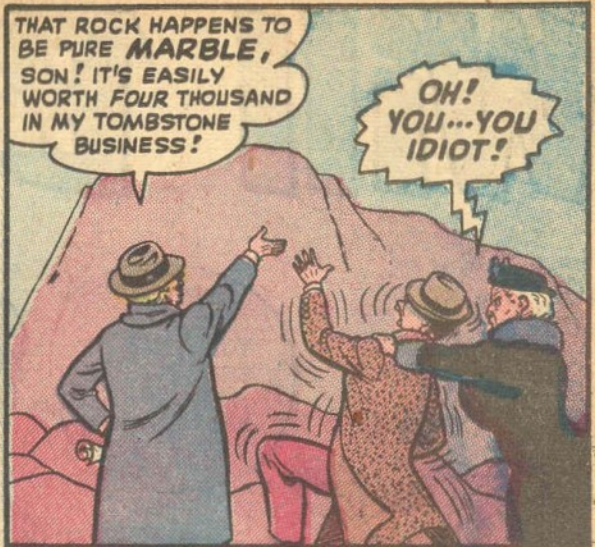






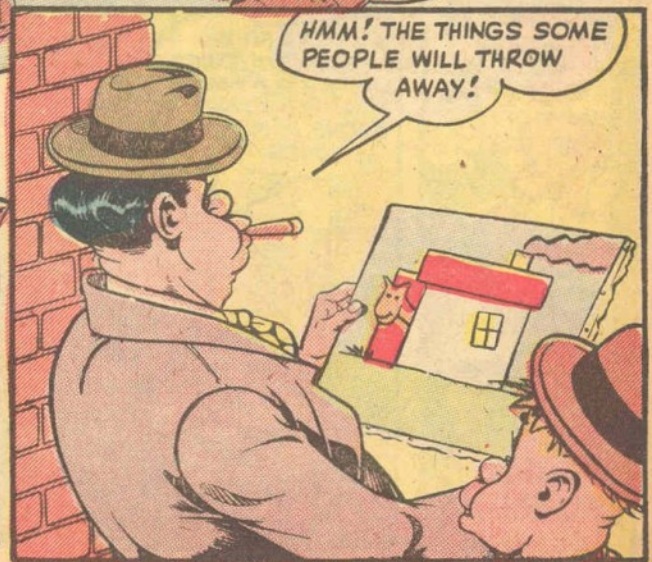






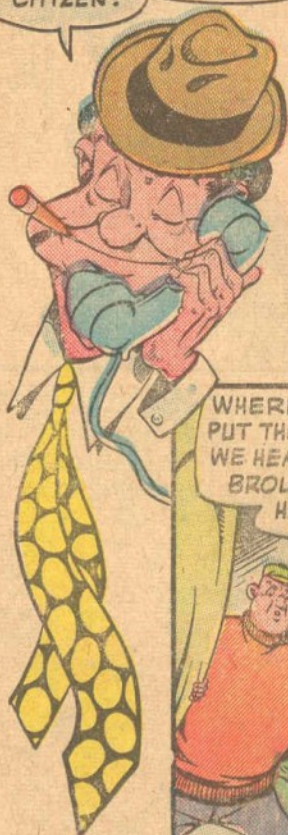
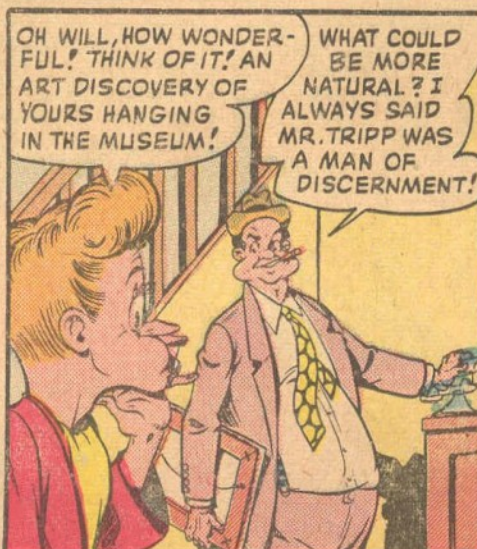
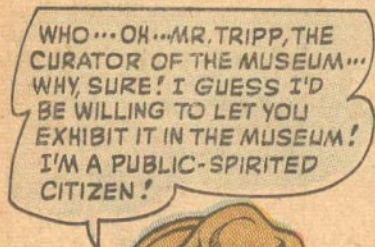
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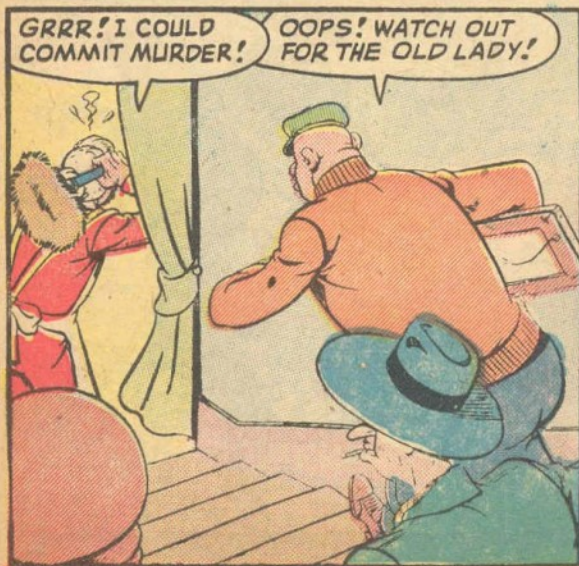
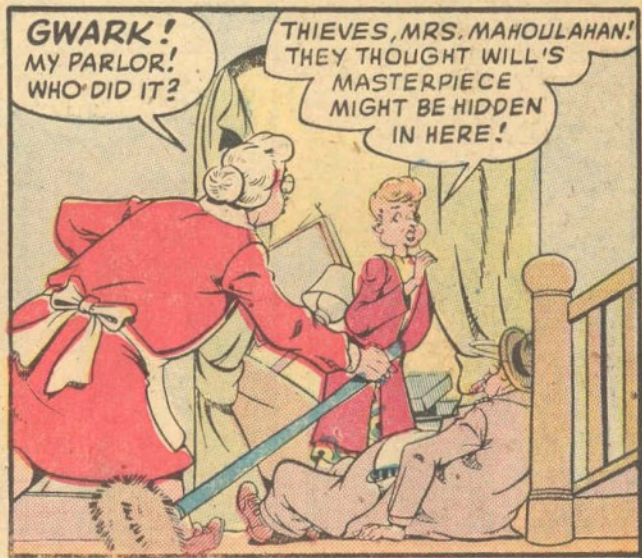
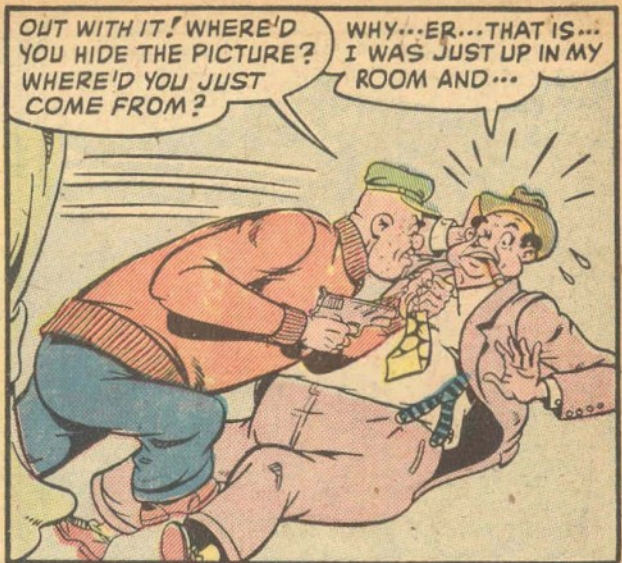
Will Bragg



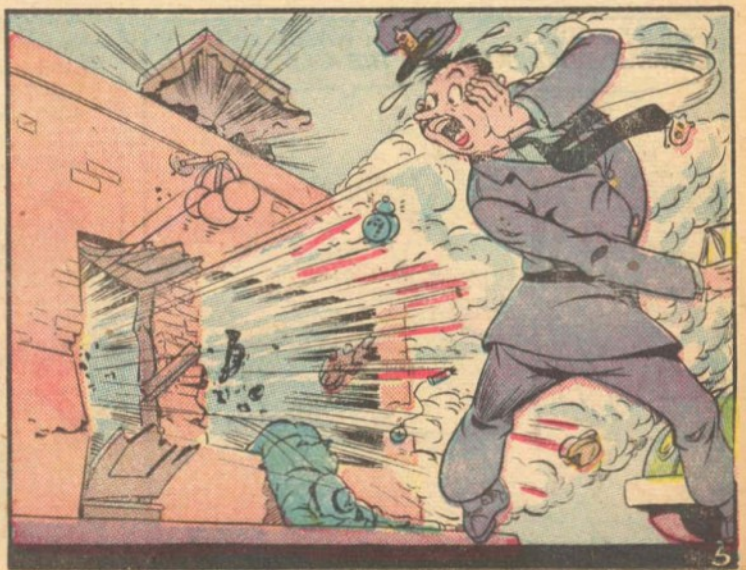
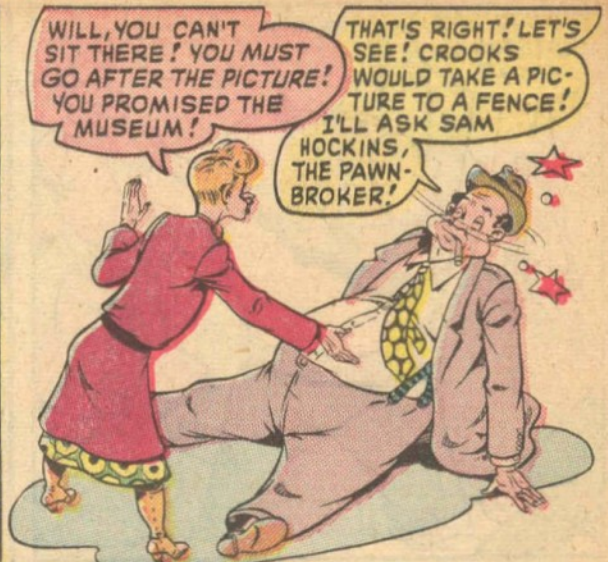
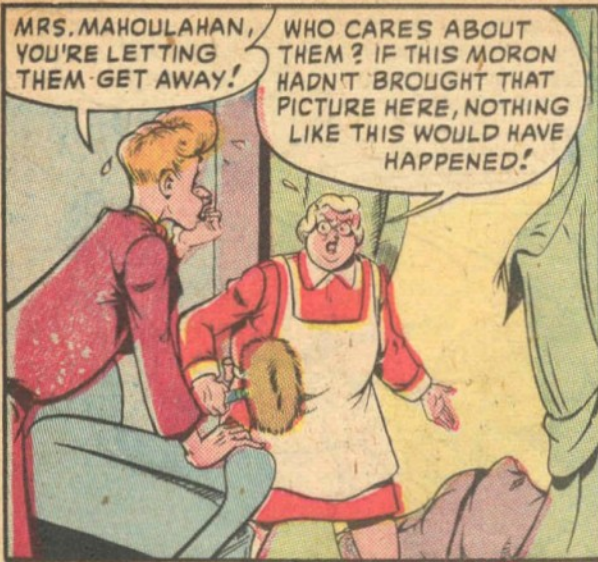


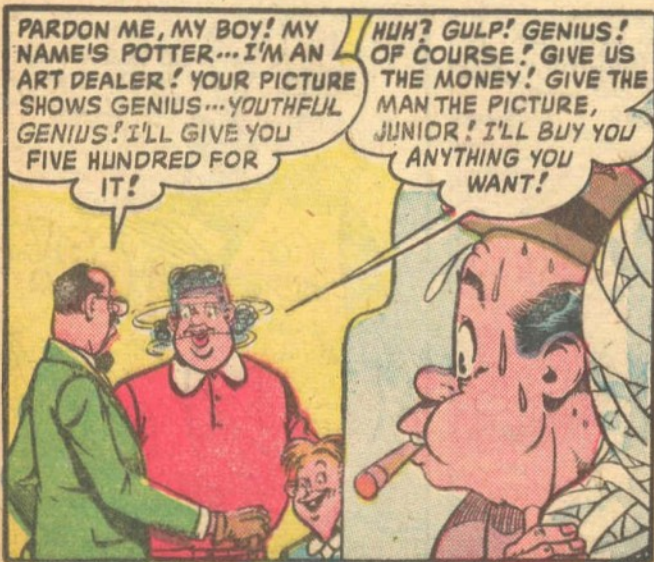
At Mrs. Mahoulahan's boarding house...





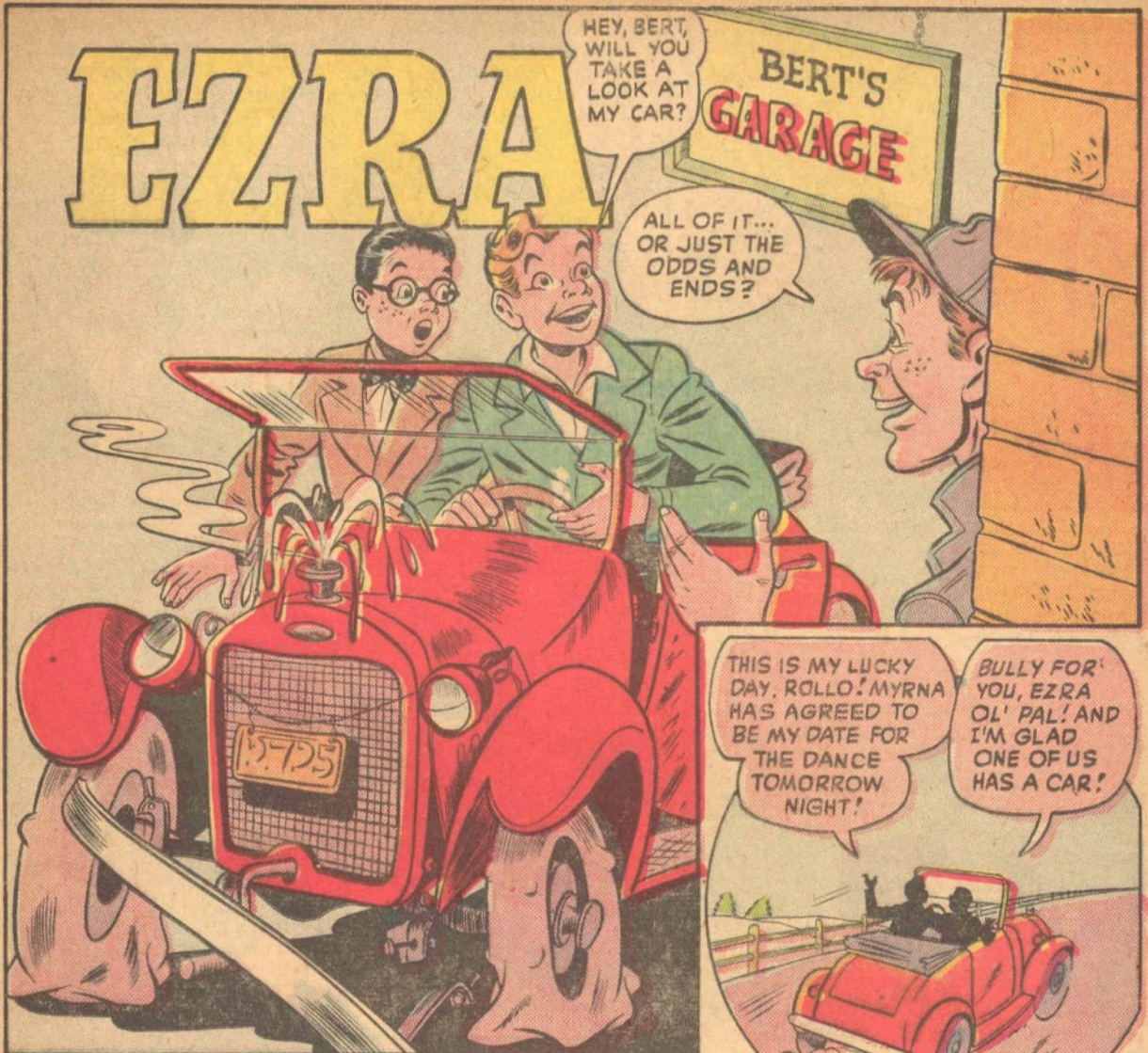
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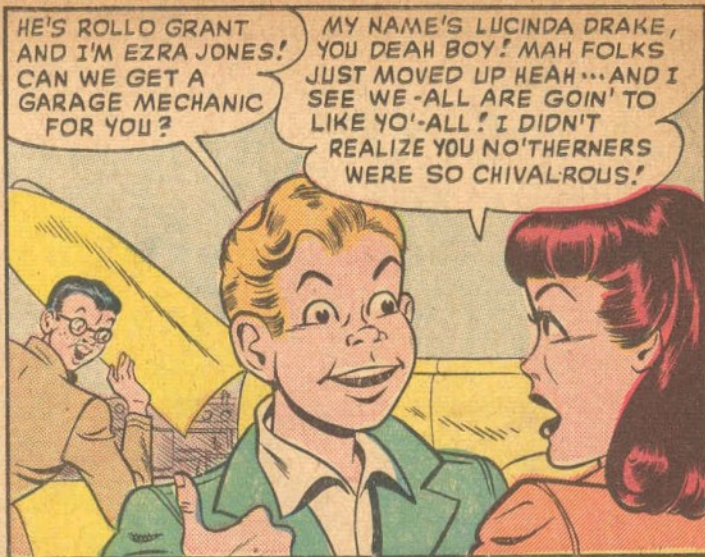






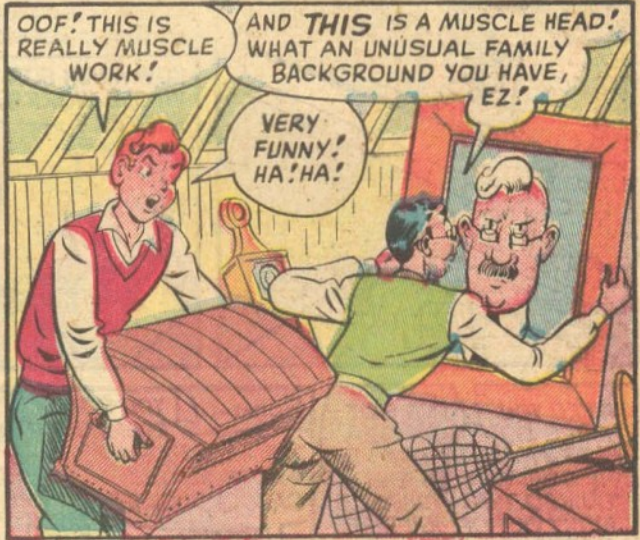
EZRA





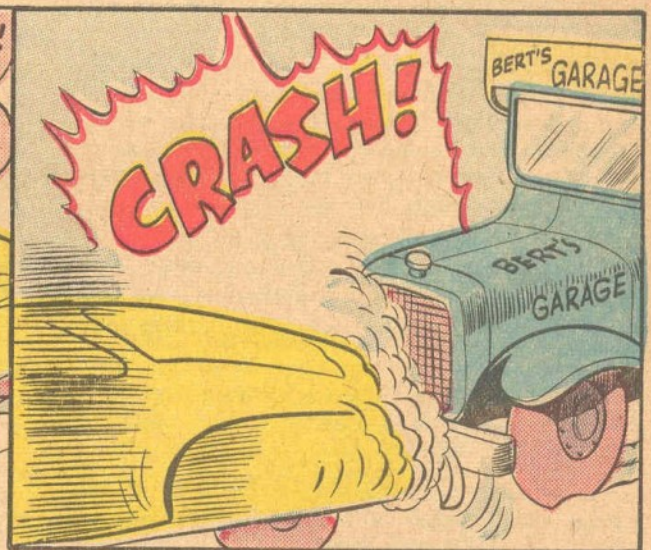








MODERN COMICS



MOUNTAIN RETREAT

THE sheer face of the massive cliff which blocked the far end of the canyon showed up with startling clarity in the rarefied mountain air. Only at the far left, where a foaming waterfall plunged over the cliff to fill the air with a fine spray, was the wall hidden from view.

From a wide ledge just above the canyon floor, Blackhawk and his crew watched for signs of human life.

"You see nothing?" asked Stanislaus of Blackhawk, who was searching the canyon with a pair of binoculars.

Blackhawk shook his head. "Nothing yet," he answered.

"Sacre Bleu," exclaimed Andre. "I am almost willing to believe that the ground opened up and swallowed them! How else may we account for the sudden disappearance of a score of men, a hundred pack mules and many tons of bulky machinery?"

"You guys give me a pain!" said Chuck disgustedly. "Did we have our eye on them every minute? No. For almost a half-hour before we entered the canyon we lost sight of them completely."

"Chuck is right," said little Chop Chop, "but he forgets that every sign points to this blind canyon. Yet, they are gone!"

Blackhawk drew back from the end of the ledge. "Discussion will get us nowhere," he broke in. "We must wait until after sundown and then reconnoiter the canyon." He pointed to a group of fir trees that screened one edge of their vantage point from the valley below. "Until then," he said, "we'll stretch out behind those firs and get some rest."

During their period of waiting, the Blackhawks discussed the details of the strange case that had brought them to this remote and mountainous corner of Colombia.

It had started with a midnight call from Washington. Blackhawk remembered. The Blackhawks had flown at once to the Capital, where they were met by a high official of the State Department and given their assignment. That assignment was to seek out and to capture a group of German industrialists who had fled to South America after the war, for the express purpose of setting up a hidden factory in the wilds of Colombia. There they intended to man-

ufacture a Nazi secret weapon which they were unable to complete in time for use against the Allies.

After many weeks of chasing down false clues, the Blackhawks had finally narrowed their search to this particular location in the Andes Mountains. They had discovered a hidden airfield in the valley below and had watched huge cargo planes land with loads of machinery. The machinery had then been transferred in small quantities to the backs of pack mules. But, when the Blackhawks followed the pack train to the entrance of this narrow canyon, it suddenly vanished, as if into thin air.

The sun had set behind the jagged peaks to the west before the Blackhawks moved. Then they stretched their bodies and sprang nimbly to their feet.

Blackhawk turned to the group and issued crisp orders. "Our first job is to find the trail of the pack train," he said. "We'll split up into three groups and scatter out over the canyon. Chuck, you and Olaf will take the right wall of the canyon. Andre, you and Hendrickson will take the left wall. Stanislaus and Chop Chop will act as a rear guard. I'll start out first and move right down the center of the canyon. Are there any questions?"

A chorus of noes answered him.

"Let's go, then," said Blackhawk. He led the way to the end of the ledge and began the descent.

They found the trail of the pack train easily enough. It was clearly defined in the soft earth of the canyon floor. They followed it up the canyon for about a mile. There, just short of the canyon's end, hard, flinty rock surfaced the canyon floor and the trail petered out.

Blackhawk led the others by a hundred yards. As the trail of the pack train ended, he dropped behind the shelter of a boulder and waited for the three groups to catch up. Soon, Andre and Hendrickson joined him. A few minutes later, Olaf and Chuck also arrived.

"We up against blank wall now, hey?" commented Olaf as he flopped down beside the others, who, meantime, had been joined by Chop Chop and Stan.

"Thees theeng I cannot figure out!" said Andre petulantly. "Here stops the trail of the

MODERN COMICS

pack train. There," he pointed to the towering cliff that walled up the canyon, "rises an impassable barrier to man and beast. And yet,"—he shrugged his shoulders expressively,—“and yet they are gone. Yes. Without a trace!”

“I’ve been giving the problem some thought,” said Blackhawk. “I think I may have it solved. Look there, to the right,” he said, pointing to the cliff. “That wall is solid. There is no trail up the face of it. There is no growth of brush large enough to mask the opening to a cave. But, see there to the extreme left where the waterfall is. Notice how the water hides the cliff side. Perhaps the solution to our problem is there.”

“Ah, sooo—” breathed Olaf softly. “Let me investigate this thing.”

Blackhawk smiled at the big Swede. “No, Olaf, he said, “that is my job.” He rose softly to his feet. “If I don’t return within the hour, follow.” He stepped into the enveloping shadows and vanished from view.

Blackhawk made his way quickly and silently to the waterfall. Close to the cliff side he dropped on one knee to study the flinty rock floor. An occasional scratch in the rock, which might or might not have been made by shod hoofs was his only rewarding clue. He pressed closer to the foot of the waterfall, and, as he did so, something metallic clinked underfoot. He bent to retrieve the metallic object and found it to be an iron shoe from one of the mules.

A sudden inspiration penetrated Blackhawk’s brain. He measured the distance from the point where he had found the shoe to the waterfall itself. It was but a few feet. “That can only mean one thing,” he muttered to himself. He took a deep breath and plunged directly into the heart of the foaming cataract.

Water pounded him, deafened him with its mighty roar. But soon he was behind the curtain of water, where he found himself standing at the entrance to a large cave.

It was pitch black in the hole. Blackhawk fished out his flashlight and sprayed the cave with its powerful beam. He was in a tunnel about thirty feet long, that terminated at a double door of heavy steel.

Making his way to this door, he turned a handle and pushed. The door opened silently. He could see a brilliant light behind it. He listened carefully for the sound of human voices and, hearing nothing, opened the door wide enough to allow for the passage of his body. He stepped through into the room beyond.

The room was really a huge, vaulted cave. The floor had been leveled off and then laid with

cement, creating a smooth surface of many thousands of square feet. Rows of machinery stood on this floor. Some of the machines were already in place. Others were in the process of being assembled. Near the door stood a stack of bulky canvas-covered objects which Blackhawk knew to be the latest shipment.

A rush of many feet made Blackhawk whirl to face a passageway that led to the main chamber where he was standing. A score of hard-faced men, led by a great bloated creature with short-cropped hair and china-blue eyes, headed for him.

“It iss a spy!” shouted the bloated man. “Kill him!”

An automatic rifle spat out its stream of lead-en death. Slugs whined and ricocheted off the wall at Blackhawk’s back. He dropped to his knees behind one of the machines and fumbled in a side pocket of his jacket, bringing out several small glass balls. He hurled them at the feet of the on-rushing men and saw them shatter. Then he made a dash for the door, slipped through it and closed it behind him.

He waited two minutes, then opened the door a crack. Only silence greeted him. He pushed the door open wide and stepped back into the room he had just left. The men were all sprawled out on the floor unconscious. The paralyzing gas which the fragile glass balls contained had done its work well.

After Blackhawk had led his group behind the curtain of water and into the hidden cave, they set to work to bind the fugitive Nazis securely. Later, they searched the cave, found and confiscated the plans for the secret weapon, and retired for the night.

Early the next morning, their prisoners bound securely to the pack mules, the Blackhawk group began the journey back to the railhead. There the prisoners would be turned over to the Colombian Government and troops would be dispatched to the secret airport to round up the rest of the gang.

From his place at the head of the caravan, Blackhawk turned to look at the prisoners, each of whom was tied down over the back of a mule like a sack of barley. “The Nazi wolves look more like trussed-up porkers now,” he chuckled.

“I’ll say they do,” agreed Chuck from his place behind Blackhawk. “Say! What’s the penalty for the secret manufacture of deadly weapons?”

Blackhawk shrugged. “In Colombia I believe its life! A life of hard labor, building roads. Constructive work at last for a pack of destructive dogs!”



WHAT YOU NEED IS AN AGENT! LET HIM FIND THE JOBS FOR YOU, THEN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STEP IN AND ACT! BESIDES, THIS JOB HUNTING IS SO EXHAUSTING!



YOUR IDEA IS COLOSSAL, CHERRY, EXCEPT FOR ONE MINOR DETAIL! WHERE DO WE GET THE CASH TO PAY AN AGENT?



THEY TAKE A PERCENTAGE OF YOUR EARNINGS BUT I DON'T KNOW JUST HOW MUCH! I'LL BET WE COULD LINE UP A GOOD AGENT RIGHT HERE, CHOO CHOO!

I'D BE WILLING TO PART WITH HALF MY EARNINGS IF I COULD JUST GET LAUNCHED IN PICTURES!

AGUE
ACTORS
AGENCY



LADY, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE TOP AGENT IN MOVIEDOM! I'M AT YOUR SERVICE FOR THE PERCENTAGE YOU JUST MENTIONED! CLIP JONES IS THE NAME!

ULP!

JUST A MINUTE, BUSTER! FIFTY PERCENT IS SLIGHTLY EXORBITANT, ISN'T IT?

YOUR FRIEND WANTS TO GET INTO PICTURES, DOESN'T SHE?

QUIET, CHERRY! OF COURSE I DO, MR. JONES!



THEN CHASE ALONG WITH CLIP AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE YOU! WHY, I'M THE BEST OPERATOR IN THE BUSINESS!

ACTORS
AGENCY

OPERATOR? THAT I CAN BELIEVE!

I'VE GOT A PART FOR YOU RIGHT NOW! IT'S ONLY A SPOT IN A RADIO DRAMA, BUT IT WILL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO ACT, MISS... ER...

CHOO CHOO LA MOE? BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D PUT ME IN PICTURES!

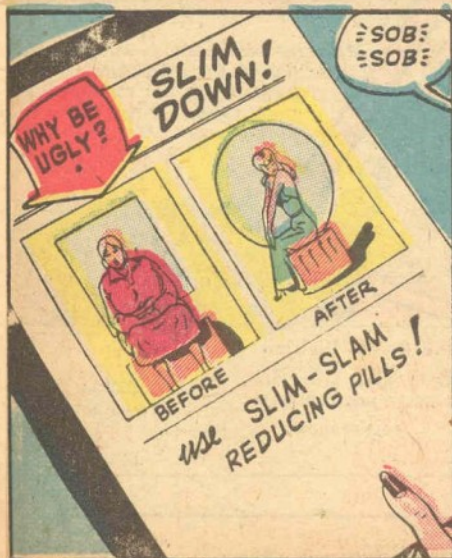
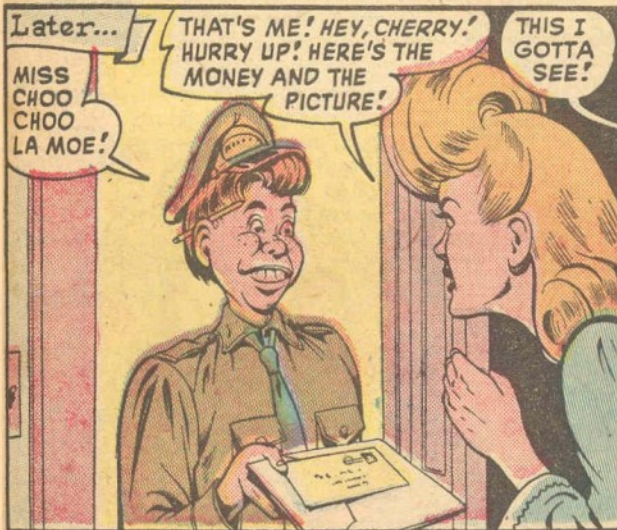
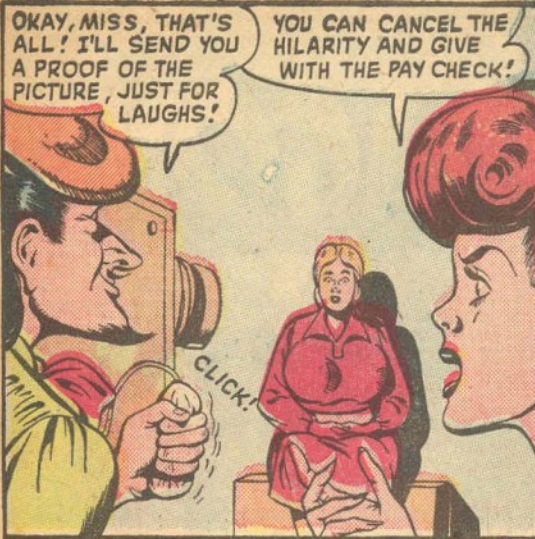


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to make a hit
at a party ... introduce

DRAGON'S TEETH

sensational
new game



The adventures of Jason, hero of Ancient Greece and leader of the Argonauts; his trials and triumphs in search of the Golden Fleece guarded by a monstrous Dragon—inspired this new and exciting game.



DRAGON'S Teeth combines scientific appeal, the excitement of chase and capture, the element of luck provided by rolling dice, the danger of overstay on "hot spots", the mystery of magic, as teeth disappear when you twist the Dragon's Tail. It is easy to learn and fun to play. It builds up exciting situations and suddenly you find your hard-won load of high value teeth out of sight. It's a neat trick. Two to six people can play. Sturdy wood frame, 14½ x 22½ inches \$2.98 postpaid. \$1 deposit on C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. 5 day trial.

Make the next evening unforgettable by introducing Dragon's Teeth. It's a riot of fun and suspense, fast-playing and thrill-packed. It's the sensational new best-seller.



Money Back
GUARANTEE
5 DAY TRIAL

HOLYOKE GAME Division
ELECTRIC GAME CO., Inc.
841 FRONT STREET, HOLYOKE, MASS.

Amount Enclosed

\$1 deposit on C.O.D.'s

Send DRAGON'S TEETH postpaid

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Big

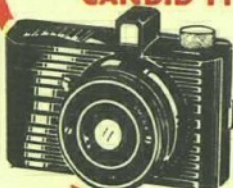
14½ x 22 in.

\$2.98
POST PAID

Prizes for Everyone!

Here's your opportunity to secure any of the premiums shown below (plus many others as they appear in our latest catalog). Simply send for fast selling Garden Spot Seeds. Sell at once to friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the money collected and select your prize in accordance with our offers. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



CANDID TYPE CAMERA

Fixed Focus, eye level view finder. 16 exposures. Beautiful Black case.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

Blue Bird COOKING SET

5 piece set. Durable. A welcome addition to any kitchen.

Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



FOR MEN AND WOMEN

UKULELE



Easy to play. . . Instruction Book included. Sell only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds.

BASKET BALL

Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Exquisite DINNER SET

. . . Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

Sell only two 40 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Sent Express Collect

PRIZE TYPEWRITER



Yours for selling only 40 Pkts. of Seed

WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1949.

SCHOOL OUTFIT

Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed plus 50c.



POCKET WATCH for Men

Dependable & faithful companion. Pull-out pendulum set. * (Supply Limited)

Sell 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds, plus 50c



ROLLER SKATES



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